

He Was Used to Being Unseen

by BabayBunny

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Angst, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2013-02-21 03:48:02

Updated: 2013-02-21 03:48:02

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:34:56

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,956

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After centuries of being unseen Jack has forgotten what it is to be human, or that he ever wanted to. Will his visit to a cold viking village be able to teach him? Featuring faerie-like/wild!Jack and no historical research at all.

He Was Used to Being Unseen

****Disclaimer: **** If I did own any of this it would not be posted on fanfiction site.

He was used to being unseen. It had taken a lot longer than one would have expected. If one could really fathom the experience they would perhaps understand why. But for years he had tried to make someone, anyone notice him till it became too painful to bear. Constantly following, wishing, screaming, and crying for anyone, anything to notice him

'Just Look at me! Oh please!'

The words would echo around him as he stood in the middle of a town, people going about their business. Oblivious. He would sit for days on the edge of the water well looking intently at anyone who came by, always a hopeful look filling bluer then blue eyes. Would sit till his frost had covered his body, and still no one would notice.

He was invisible. Destined to be an observer of life for the rest of eternity, watching through a window, a world he could never be a part of.

He got better as time went on. He could walk through strange villages he had never seen without a care. He could easily side step any individual who was just about the step through him.

It was a lonely existence, always wanting to be part of the many people who surrounded him. He could almost pretend to be like

everyone else; even if he knew it would never happen. Because of this there was no reason for him to stay in one place for too long.

So he flew off on the winds before the warmth of any one place became unbearable. Flew away to find a more interesting place where he could be entertained. It was one of the few constants that he could expect in his semi life; entertainment and his name.

Jack Frost.

A name the man on the moon had given him, and he held it close to his heart at all times, a talisman to keep away the bad thoughts. So he would come upon someplace new, and with him came the biting winds, frosts, and snow. Whenever he found himself in a place of green, he would turn the leaves brilliant colors before making them fall, playfully edging all the lines on the leafy trees with delicate twist of hoarfrost. He would freeze the metal and ice all the lakes and river beds. Cause the rain to freeze, and snow to fall slowly from the sky like flower petals from unseen trees.

It was so beautiful; so soft and pure, and untouchable in the depths of the woods. He would run across the surface of the snow, leaving not a single mark. Each snowflake perfect, unique, and just the way he desired it to be.

Sometimes it was all too stunning, and he would decide to stay, to finally make a home of ice and snow, then he would feel it. The tingle down his spine, and the itching in his hands that told him it was time. The winds would shift and he would be gone. Flying alone the currents of air to some unknown fascinating destination that would surely be the place he could call his own.

He was always so busy, playing with his creations, racing the sun's decent across the sky. Jack became so busy in crafting his next trick on the humans that in time he began to forget. Forget that he had ever wanted to be seen by others. He forgot what it was like to crave the attention of another living thing. The painful feeling of perpetually freezing to death was no longer noticed, as he had forgotten that there was any other way to feel. Even if he did not know it, Jack was slowly forgetting anything it meant to be human.

He was more a creature than a boy by the time the wind took him to the small northern island. He could feel the snow and ice were ingrained and friendly with this land. They seemed to live in the bones of this place, a sure sign that it snowed most of the year with or without his help.

Slowly he crept along the rocky surface he had landed on, a slow smile working its way on his face. Then he smelt it. The warm sweet smell of burning wood, that made his nose wrinkle and a scowl replace his smile. The only thing that smelled like this was people. He had wanted to avoid them, the people that infested this lovely island. He was not in the mood to trick them, and wanted to sleep in the cold, white snow he would create. Didn't want to deal with those that would complain about his cold, or mash and dirty his snow.

'Go to another island,' he pleaded with the wind that tugged and held him in place. Forcing him closer to the edge of a cliff that over shadowed the small village. Something about people always made

his skin itch, and a strange ache appear in his chest that he did not like.

'Another,' he looked off at a distant island just far away enough, and small enough he was sure no one would live on it.

Still the wind twirled around the island. With a pout and a glare he took off like a falling star, running through the murky shadows of the woods, a streak of white light darting behind trees and passing through the underbrush, flashing through moon beams.

Jack would make it snow in these lush woods, till not a single speck of ground remained green. He would make it ice, make the rain freeze over the trees till all the furs stood still and brittle as towering statues of ice. The people would all be stuck in their houses, burning their nasty fires. The ice would be so thick they would not be outside long enough to ruin his design.

That night when the village fell asleep Jack went into the air and held his staff high. Calling the ice that would fall on the village, till the roads shone with a layer of ice. He danced alone the well-worn village paths, frosty foot prints spreading till it was all frozen over. Fern like patterns expanding the length of each path. Over the water he skated causing it to freeze over in his wake. He played and danced in the sound of the hail and freezing rain till it stopped and soft sweet snow began to fall blanketing the island.

Jack ran deep into the woods then, looking at the trees as they glittered in the moonlight, hands trailing on bark leaving more patterns of frost. Finally the spirit lay down in a soft pile of pure whit snow, burrowing deep within its icy perfection. The gentle creaking of the ice laden trees mixed with his soft humming as his eyes closed and sleep overtook him.

Crack!

The sound of ice being broken woke him from his slumber as he jumped to his feet in one lithe move. Walking slowly over to the sound he saw a man with a hammer cracking the ice he had so painstakingly crafted the night before.

The man, if you could call him that, was big as an ox with arms the rivaled barrels. On his face was a long red beard with thick braids and twist. His eyes hard, and despite his age, lines were already etched onto his skin. A long fur cape was wrapped around his massive figure, a hat with two horns sat on his head.

The spirit's heart was hammering in his chest as he looked out from behind the tree line, anger filling him till he overflowed. Touching the ground with his staff he sent a trail of ice to the water, freezing the man's hammer to the surface the moment it connected to the water.

The stranger grunted before roughly pulling at the hammer and quickly dislodging it from its icy trap.

Jack fumed as he watched the man filled two buckets with water before standing up and heading to the village. The man's monstrous sized feet ruining the perfect lines of the freshly fallen snow, trudging

over his earlier footsteps making even more of a mess. Jack jumped into the air, telling the wind his will, as he followed the stranger. He trailed along the tree tops watching the man. Revenge first and for most in his mind.

To his surprise, when he reached the village he saw that all the people were out, going about their daily lives. As if ice and snow had not encased their entire settlement. Ruining the icicles he had made on the railings, completely disregarding all the work he had done. Everyone was dressed like the man he had followed. A horned hat with heavy cloths, lots of fur. They were all similar in size also, large as ships. Most of them looked as if they could crush him if they could catch him, and he was human.

He watched as the man ran towards a woman who had just exited a house, a little outside the main body of the village.

"Valhallarama!" cried the man as he ran up the stairs stopping her in her tracks.

"Oh please!" she yelled throwing one hand in the air, the other gripping her slightly rounded belly.

Jack stared at for a while; it was obviously out of place on the woman's body. Yes, she was large but the stomach did not belong on her body. He had seen other women, in other villages in similar states. Flying over he landed down for a closer look, right next to the woman. She was about as tall as Jack himself he noticed, although much wider. She was just as burly as the other women he had seen in the village. The only thing exceedingly feminine about her was the dark hair hung in two thick braids down her back.

He walked over till he stood before her, leaning in till she shivered from the chill in his breath.

Valhallarama shivered, eyes looking around wildly for a second. It was then that the spirit noticed her eyes; they were leaf green, the color of the deep forests of the north, flecks of golden brown. They made his breath stop, enjoying a color he rarely saw.

Shaking her head she glared at the man, "I'll do what I want Stoick!"

"You know you shouldn't be outside in your condition!" he looked poignantly at her stomach, "Remember what the healer said, you are to be under strict bed rest." Stoic wrapped an arm around the woman, and she looked dainty in comparison.

"But look at it Stoick! Look at the trees!" her eyes glazed over with excitement as she looked the distant forest, "Isn't it beautiful? How can you expect me to be inside when the world looks like this? I bet the lake has been frozen over, and the frost is on the rocks." A gust of wind caused the trees to groan and her smile to widen.

Jack looked on in shock. She liked his snow, his ice. She appreciated the sound of the icy trees. He had neverâ€

"Winter has just started so you have another nine months to enjoy it." He tried to usher her inside.

Valhallarama resisted, "Butâ€"

"No! Think of the baby, Valhallarama," putting the buckets down he let the water slosh over onto the floor. One mammoth sized hand resting on her stomach.

_ 'Baby,' _it finally made sense. Jack looked at her stomach just in time to see it move. He jumped and fell into the snow, looking in awe as she was put back inside.

The spirit jumped from his place on the ground and flew around the house to see inside the windows, pulling back the thick fur in place to keep the chill out.

The woman, Valhallarama was already resting on a large bed, her body covered with furs and thick cloth. Stoick was doing something; Jack did not care about him only the woman held his attention. Carefully he flitted through the window, the heat from the hearth stifling. The strong smell of burning wood made him want to run away and burned his eyes.

She was humming as she rubbed her belly, a soft look in her eyes. Jack stared at her stomach intently; a strange feeling began to radiate from his heart, an anxious feeling that made his brain itch. Would this baby love the snow? Maybe he couldâ€|. And finally it clicked like pieces of a puzzle.

_ 'A snow baby.' _

"Here," said Stoic thrusting a steaming cup into her hand, "your water the healer prescribed."

The woman looked down at the cup with a scowl, and Jack looked down into the clear liquid.

"I want ale!"

"The healer said you need more fluid. I need you to take care of yourself. The village needs me."

"_I know what the healer said_! Get out of here and let me rest or you'll be sorry." Her glare was fierce and eyes glinted like steel. This woman might be with child but she would never be considered weak.

Both Jack and the woman watched as Stoick left the room, looking back twice before closing the door.

"Don't worry son," she said to her stomach, "I won't lose you."

Valhallarama sighed as she looked down at the cup before taking a sip with a grimace, "Disgusting. Such hot water, how can they expect me to drink this?"

Jack moved his hand till it touched the cup, pushing out the cold, and making the water chill till flakes of ice floating in the cup. He stared at her as her eyes widened as the cup became freezing in her hands. She hesitated before bring the cup back up to her mouth,

taking a small sip.

A smile stretched Jack's lips when she began to drink down the icy water with relish.

Moving back Jack leaned against the wall farthest from the fire, watching as she began to knit a sweater. The sweater looked a little large for a baby, but he figured it made sense as all these people seemed to be larger than average. The child would be big, like the rest of his people he realized.

The small pale child he imagined running with him transformed in his mind to a sturdy boy. It mattered not. _'A Snow Baby!_' _was the only thing he could think of as he looked at her pregnant belly.

Jack waited in the stifling room, waited for her to fall asleep. He had just about given up and headed towards the window when he saw Valhallarama's eyes close.

_ 'Sleep?' _

Creeping closer when a loud snore startled him and he jumped. Looking around he walked to the woman and with painstaking slowness he moved her blankets till her stomach was exposed. Rubbing his hands together he blew some winter onto his palms before carefully pressing to the woman's belly. He felt her body shiver under his palm but remained asleep. Confident, Jack took his time slowly pushing winter onto the unborn child.

He was not sure if this would work, but he had to try something. He wanted this, wanted this baby. The wind raged outside the window and for the first time since he could remember he ignored it.

That night a soft blanket of snow fell from the sky, and covered the ground like sparkling gossamer. The spirit was happy as he travelled along the river banks freezing a fish in place before falling to the ground laughing. Valhallarama would have him a Snow Baby and then he could have someone to keep him company, someone special to keep as his own. It was only fitting really, that someone who loved his work as much as she did would have his special baby. She would be happy surely. Her child would see winter as no other.

It would be perfect; he would take the child and take him everywhere.

These hopeful thoughts were what kept him coming back to the village over and over again. Valhallarama was rarely let outside the house, and when she did manage to sneak out the back door Stoick always found her. Using their child to guilt her bring her back to the house. Jack had learned that Stoick had a younger brother who already had a healthy baby boy, a sore spot to the older brother, as he had yet to have a single child. As time went on Jack fell into a pattern. First, he would slip into the house and wait for Valhallarama to fall asleep. Then his daily ritual would commence, giving winter to the baby. Reaching out with pale hands and feeling for the small life inside the woman, slowly feeding it frost. He had never seen the baby move since the first day.

Jack did not notice it at first but Valhallarama began to look ill, the light in her eyes not quite as bright. Even her arguments with

Stoick became quite, and she conceded almost immediately. She stopped trying to go outside even with the snow falling so beautifully. Her hands would push against her stomach as if she was looking for something she could not find; more often than not she would start to cry. She was wary in bed, once Stoick left for the day constantly looking at the dark corners of her room, jumping at the slightest sound from outside. It was almost as if she could feel Jack's visits, and he scared her.

Surely there was something he could do that would help? She was bringing into the world a person, specially made for him. So he brought her toys in the shapes of various animals, dragons as it seemed to be a village theme. When that did not work he found a few colorful leaves on a nearby island and edged them with the very best of his frost. Jack made sure that all her drinks were ice cold with small shards of ice floating in it. Everything he did seemed to make things worse, make her burrow into her blankets.

All this stress had to be harming the child. So in a last ditch effort he made her a flower of ice and placed it on the bed next to her. When she saw it she had jumped up and stared at the flower with wide eyes before throwing it across the room. Tears began to fill her eyes, as she began to silently cry.

Jack scowled, brows furrowing over ice blue eyes. She fell asleep with tears in her eyes and a hand resting on her strangely still stomach. He hadn't noticed it move in the last two weeks, and he was getting impatient.

Once he was sure she was asleep he lowered the blanket, even daring to lift her sleeping gown to see her round stomach. He stared eyes fixed on the smooth surface. It was larger than the first time he had seen, and yet it seemed to have stopped all movement. Why?

'Snow baby!' he called brightly, face close to the woman's stomach. Blowing winter in his hands he rested then against the skin, willing the child to take it, as he pushed. It was then that he felt it, a hard push against his palm. The spirit pulled back just in time to see the small lump disappear.

Jack's smile would rival the very sun at its zenith. The baby had moved. It had touched him in the same way he had been touching it for months. He rubbed at the small warmth the still tingled, burned on his palm. Quickly he pressed his hand to her stomach once more, and waited.

Nothing.

With a scowl he poured winter into the womb, and was rewarded with a soft press against him, like the child was leaning against his palm. The baby knew him by the winter he gave.

'Don't worry Snow Baby. When you are released from your mother I shall take you away with me.' The baby jabbed at him and the Spirit laughed. Truly ecstatic for the first time in his life he could not remember.

He could not remember having ever felt such an exuberant amount of joy and hope.

'A baby.'

It was then, as if with some sort of mother's instinct Valhallarama's eyes opened and she looked down to see her stomach exposed, moving slightly against the shape of a frosted palm print. For a split second her eyes showed relief as she registered the babies movement first. Jack wondered if she could feel him in a way, flesh stuck between him and the child. That was before she realized a might yell, that shook the room.

Valhallarama jumped up large hands holding onto her stomach as she ran for the door.

He froze the hinges of the door shut and approached the woman. _How dare she!_ He understood now, the reason she was so ill looking and worried. Somehow she had begun to realize what it was that was going on in the confines of the small room as she slept. Walking towards her he passed the fire, causing it to die out from it pervious marry glowing. The room's temperature dropped so that Valhallarama breath came out in jagged pants in the frigged air.

He stared into her unseeing eyes and very slowly, deliberately placed his hand on her stomach, the baby pushed against him in what he assumed was an affectionate way. It accepted him. Besides it was his right to touch the baby. It was his anyways.

Green eyes wide as saucers stared down as the night dress was flattened against her stomach, the baby responding immediately. Valhallarama began to cry before anger transformed her normally pleasant face into a hideous mask.

Reaching out with one hand she grabbed the old sword that hung on the wall, a ritualistic sword used primarily to ward the house. Without breaking her movement she brought the sword down, swiping across the invisible figure, the weapon slicing deep into his arm.

Both women and spirit looked at the weapon before Jack jumped back in a crouch, his blood dripping down his arm. The woman's eyes focusing on the rapidly forming red pool.

Wasting no time Valhallarama pulled on the door, using all her strength she ran down the stairs and through the main room of the house.

Jack looked at his arm in fascination before it sealed up before his eyes leaving not so much as a red line. His blood however still stained the wood of the bedroom floor. When the shock finally faded he looked up to see she had run. With a scream of frustration he ripped off the window covering only to see a ball of fire go shooting out across the night sky. Like a falling star, only larger than he had ever seen.

Screams of "Dragon!" echoing through the night as every man, women, and older child ran out of their houses, each having a job in order to protect the village. Tall towers were lit as more fire began to rain down from the heavens. He stared in awe as he watched the beasts attack the village, one swooping down only to rise up with a man in its claw before flying off into the darkness, all the while the man stabbing the creature in its foot as he was carried off.

He had seen dragons before, even if they had never seen him. Usually never in so many numbers, and they usually avoided places this cold unless they had a good reason not to. The village was on fire, the dancing glow of flames making the shadows dance across the frozen floor. Shinning and shimmering a deadly warm glow.

Jumping out of the window he flew off looking for Valhallarama, she was running at night in the middle of a dragon attack. If something happened to his Snow Baby, he did not know what he would do. To be so close to having all his dreams answered only for them all to be torn away. Just a few more weeks, two months at the most, and he would have the child and spirit it away.

They would be able to play alone the icy surfaces he loved. Trick the people of the villages they would visit. Maybe even freeze a few of them if they deserved it. He would have a family to call his own, once in for all.

The feeling of wanting, of hope swelled in his chest. Constricting him till his insides might be crushed. That baby would save him, save him from an eternity of solitude. He was alone, the only one of his kind. This child would save him. Save him!

Finding Valhallarama he swooped down and wrapped his icy hands around her stomach. Now that she was awake he could slip inside her as easily as other had passed through his body. She gasped as ice cold hands pushed through her body only to rest on the inside of her, holding onto the small life residing within.

"No!" she screamed, "No! Let us go, you devil! You can't have my child!" She ripped away, eyes half crazed with fright.

Jack yelled as she escaped his grasp, a fleeting look of triumph on her face before it was replaced by horror. Long thick black claws wrapped themselves around her upper body before taking off.

A dragon had caught her.

"_NOOOOO!"_ cried Stoick from across the field. Only he was too late.

The spirit flew off after the women quickly catching up to the Monstrous Nightmare. A creature of Ice he had next to nothing to do with fire, but now. With a determination he had never felt before he fashioned a halberd of ice, something that would strike fear if it were ever to be seen. He used to jam the creature in the neck. As fast as dragon blood could burn and melt the ice, Jack could freeze that much faster. Its point ran through beast causing it to fall to the floor, partially crushing the woman under its girth. The last of its blood poured rapidly from its throat, aided by its still pumping heart.

'What to do. What to do. What to do.' He landed next to her body unsure what to do. How could he save the baby? The baby had to be saved. Carefully he made another shard of ice, sharp as a knife.

Slowly eyes opened up, deep green eyes that spoke of a moist summer forest. Jack shivered. Half her body was crushed, under the massive beast. Underneath her the snow she loved so much was turning a sicken

black, as the blood pooled, melting the snow. The beast's claws had pierced deep into her chest, causing blood to drip from her mouth. Her face, even as it had grown paler over the weeks, was turning a slight shade of blue. She was trembling as she lifted her fingers out, reaching forward to touch his face.

Jack pushed back in surprise at the sudden contact, falling back as his feet lost their purchase on the bloody slush that coated the floor. He could feel it sinking into the seat of his pants. His cheek still tingled from the touch of her blood slick fingers.

"Youâ€¦You are the one." She whispered in a soft voice. The fight between human and dragon raged on in the background. Metal clashing against scale, as roars and screams filled the air.

"_Valhallarama!_" A voice came over the small clearing. Jack turned around to look at Stoick as he emerged from the tree line. When he reached her body, she took Stoick's large hand with her own.

"Stoick. I'm so gladeâ€¦"

"I need to get this off you," with a feat of strength he rolled the animal off of the woman, causing her to cry out in pain, "I'll get you to the healer, he canâ€¦"

"Stoick. I'm not going to make it."

"Yes, you are!"

"No Iâ€¦"

"YES YOU ARE!" yelled the man, harsh voice booming through the relative quiet of the clearing.

The spirit boy looked on with mixed feelings. In some odd way he felt responsible for this. Was this guilt eating at him? He could not be sure. All he knew was that he had never felt this feeling before, a fester in his heart that made his jaw tighten.

Shaking his head he disregarded the feeling that threatened to consume him. He needed to focus! The one thing paramount was that he needed to save the baby. For all that it was the product of these two people before him, the child was his.

"I need," tears began to slip down her cheeks, "n-need you to save him." Pulling his hand towards her stomach she pushed him against her stomach.

"I-Iâ€¦" the man had grown as pale as a sheet. For someone who had always been so sure and confident his current attitude was a striking contrast. His mighty hand flexed against his child, before pulling back sharply. His eyes fixing on Valhallarama, head shaking telling her without words that he would never be able to do what she asked of him.

"Stoick! He will die if you don't!"

"How can Iâ€¦" "I do that to you?"

She withdrew from the man even as he held her in his arms, those piercing eyes looking around. "I know you're still here."

She could not see him like he had thought. Yet she could sense his presence.

"Valhallarama!" said Stoick, confusion laced his voice.

"You do it," she continued talking to the unseen. Stoick must have thought she was hallucinating. But all was forgotten when she began a coughing fit that would not stop. Each one wracking her body, as more blood began to dribble out of her mouth and nose.

He slowly walked towards her with the shard of glass he had made for this very purpose.

"Valhallarama, no!" fell upon deaf ears the spirit slowly walked across the blooded snow.

Kneeling down he looked into her eyes. All images of him and his Snow Baby flashed before his eyes, only it was not of him and a child born of winter's frost. It was the woman before him with a very human child barreling into his mother's warm embrace, walking through the hallowed halls of frozen trees; learning at her feet how to love the winter, and to admire beauty.

He had stolen that. Like a thief he had sneaked into her home while she slept and taken something precious. Something he had no right in. He had coveted it, and since he had long forgotten what rules were he had simply taken it for his own. Jack had taken from someone, who in their own right was very special. She was the first person who had appreciated what he did. The beauty he made, that all others scorned.

Looking down he rest one hand on one side of the large belly, on the other he put his blade of ice. The child did not move towards his touch, did not seek the affection it had done so earlier.

She must have felt the first cut of the blade as she bit down on her lip, still managing to cry out.

He had never done anything like this, although he seen it with animals, and knew it could be done.

"What-What!" said the man as he looked down to see Valhallarama belly sliced open.

Reaching inside, he felt the heat of her body burn at his skin, searing his flesh even as it left no mark. His hand wrapped around the baby, smaller then he could imagine before pulling the child free of its mother.

Don't worry Snow Baby. When you are released from your mother I shall take you away with me.

His previous thoughts echoed in his mind as he looked down at the small child, too small to be the baby of these two behemoths, too small to be a normal sized baby. It was a boy, just as he had always imagined, only he was a deep blue color that surely could not be

normal. He was neither crying nor moving. Jack placed the baby on its mother chest, unsure what would be the next step.

Dying quickly now, Valhallarama pulled the baby close to her heart. He looked as small as a fishbone against his large mother, with a shocking mop of dark hair she would never learn the color of. His skin though was the color of moonlit snow, so different but infinitely perfect like each of his snowflakes.

Stoick howled into the night, tears streaming down his face. So broken and lost, like he would never smile again. The child lay still on his mother's chest, not moving, not breathing.

Before Jack could do anything more, the man grabbed the baby. So small it fit into his hand and cut the cord attaching the baby to its mother, tying it off with some fabric from Valhallarama night gown. Turning the baby over Stoic slapped it, causing him to cry out in pain. His crying was soft, quite, unlike the other babies he had seen. The boy took deep shuttering breaths while it moved very weakly in his father's hand, as he was hastily stuffed inside his father's shirt for warmth.

Stoick stood up with a deep breath as he composed himself, rubbing his free hand against his face, drying his tears. "Common Hiccup," he said into the night before walking back to the village.

Jack stayed by the body of Valhallarama, as the sun began to rise setting the clearing snow ablaze with colors. Gold of sun shine mingling with the blue of the shadows to create greens, even the bloody snow was glowing like a ruby caught under light. Jack just stayed on the snow watching as the giant of a man left cradling the smallest of all babies in his large strong hands.

Jack watched as Stoick walked away with his dreams and hopes against his chest. As he walked back to the village with his precious Snow Baby, he had so desperately wanted.

He watched him take him, Hiccup, away. And he let him.

****A/N:**** I haven't really written fanfiction in a long time, but when I get the itch to write something I have to. Jack is really a combination of how I always imagined him, the stories I've heard as a child, and the movie. I've always loved Jack Frost, and the winter he creates, even if I really do hate shoveling. Hiccup is a very important part of the story, even if he is not really around for most of it. He is what kept Jack there and brought him a little back to the humanity he distanced himself from. I think there is more to their story. Jack has lost his way and needs to find his way back.

If any errors in names, grammar, spelling, fluidness of the story are found please bring it to my attention. I've only read through this once and am not the best in these things. Also any general help...I really never know what to pick.

End
file.